

DEAF MUTES JOURNAL.

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FANWOOD.

Celebrating the 100th Anniversary of Harvey Prindle Peet.

DR. I. L. PEET'S SERMON.

The Chapel Exercises on Monday Morning.

THE ANNUAL F. L. A. ELECTION.

Kendall vs. Fanwood, Nov. 30—Other Notes.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

Sunday afternoon November 18th, the weather was by no means very promising, but about fifty graduates of Fanwood came up to be present at the commemorative service in honor of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Harvey Prindle Peet.

By three o'clock the chapel was comfortably filled with pupils, graduates and teachers of the school. As Dr. I. L. Peet, escorted by Principal Currier, entered the chapel all arose, and remained standing till they had ascended the platform.

The services were begun by Principal Currier, who recited Lord Prayer, the pupils following him.

This was followed by the rendering of the 23d Psalm in concerted signs by the sign-choir, composed of advanced-class girls.

After the spelling of the First Commandment by Principal Currier, and prayer by Dr. Peet, the hymn "Abide with Me" was signed by the choir.

Dr. Peet then began his sermon, taking for his text II Timothy 4:7-8 "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

The doctor looked much better than when I last saw him. His signs were forcible and clear as of yore, the young man, who sat next to me, who is a graduate of eight years or so ago, remarked to me after the service, that during its delivery he thought himself once more a pupil, so natural were the doctor's signs to him.

Peet, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Smith, Mrs. T. F. Fox and Mrs. M. Heyman, Mr. Albert A. Barnes, Mr. William O. Fitzgerald, Mr. I. N. Soper, Mr. William H. Rose, Mr. Ira W. Tyler, Mr. John Ingebrand, J. D. Shelton, A. Neiser, F. W. Meinken, D. Upchurch, and many others. The press was represented by "Ted" of the JOURNAL, J. F. Donnelly, *Exponent*, "Hypo," *Silent World*, "Infante," *Silent Worker* and Malone *Advocate*.

had been exercised to make the Institution the leading one of its kind in all the world. But while Harvey P. Peet deserves all honor and credit, it was fitting to call attention to other men who had aided in the affairs of the Institution. The presidents of the board of directors from the beginning to the present day were all eminent men whose assistance and timely services had aided the welfare of the school and resulted in the progressive strides that it was accorded them.

ly regard the work of deaf teachers with less honor than that of the hearing. The deaf were generally supposed to work from "bread and butter" motives. Such a presumption was unfair and unjust. He did not claim that all deaf teachers were good teachers, any more than all the hearing teachers were; but when the deaf did succeed, when they labored with all their energies and achieved distinction, due honor should be accorded them.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who had entered while Mr. Fox was speaking, was next called upon. He said he gladly responded to such a call. It was a privilege which he prized to publicly do honor to Harvey Prindle Peet, under whom he had been a teacher until he began his present religious work in 1858. He told of the wonderful executive power, the excellent judgment, the indefatigable labors, and the warm sympathies of Harvey Prindle Peet. He related in graphic language the proceedings and details of the transfer of the pupils from the old 50th Street School to the present institution on December 4th, 1856. He dilated upon the lesson to be learned from the life of Harvey P. Peet. He hoped all would profit by the lesson, and would try to become good and useful men and women.

He was followed by Rev. John Chamberlain, who paid a graceful tribute to the memory of the man whose birthday all were assembled to honor.

Principal Currier announced that he had discovered a poetical tribute to Harvey Prindle Peet, written in 1872, for the birthday celebration of that year by some former pupil, he could not name. The writer does not wish to violate the secret by suggesting the author's name to be Miss Ida Montgomery. Principal Currier read the poem orally, Mr. W. G. Jones rendering it in the sign language. It is here appended:—

To H. P. PEET, LL.D.—November 19, 1872.

We have come our friend to greet,
While Time rests his winged feet,
And we count, with happy tears,
The great blessings of the years
That have made us what we are,
While they've silvered o'er his head.



ISAAC LEWIS PEET, LL.D.,
Emeritus Principal.

White his hair but warm his heart,
As when he chose his Master's part;
And threescore years ago to-day
Led forth upon his glorious way
In Yale's fair halls to win a name,
Foreshadowing his future fame.

To Hartford next his steps he bent,
And there, like one from Heaven sent,
With grace of form and mind and will,
And zeal supplying lack of skill,
To those out from spoken word,
He gave the messages of God.

But soon imploring hands held out,
Brought the young teacher to New York,
And here he builded for his Lord
An institution high and broad,
And thirty years with tongue and pen
He labored for his fellow men.

Eye swift to see, tongue slow to speak,
Hand firm to curb and strong to help,
Priest, prophet, king, like Alfred old,
He ruled alone a silent world,
But ruled with love far more than fear,
And love increased with every year.

But worn at length with many a care,
And sorrow great as man may bear,
He left his station to his son,
Content with the success he'd won,
And found in wife and children love
As much of bliss as earth can give.

Long may he live in glorious age,
To cheer his friends with counsel sage,
To bless the son to him most dear,
And the bright children round his chair,
Dispensing, with an old-time grace,
The cour esies of his stately race.

And when the time of death is near,
And when the flesh recoils with fear,
When the waters round him close,
And his soul sighs for repose,
May he hear above the surge,
Our Lord Jesus' low, sweet words.

Deaf—thou had'st my heart rejoice,
Dumb—thou gav'st to me a voice,
Friendless—thou to me mad'st known
Love surpassing e'en thine own.
Friend of man—thy name is blest,
Friend of God—behold thy rest.

The hymn "America" was rendered in signs by the following choir of girls:—Alice Judge, Edith P. Gray, Julia A. Hemphill, Emma F. Caddy, Mamie Elsworth, Johanna Zettel, Gertrude Turner, Mabel C. Pearce, Bertha Spahn, Elizabeth M. Anderson.

Prof. George Ray Hare, on ascending the platform, observed that he had known little of Harvey P. Peet,

My dear girls and boys:—I think you have heard quite enough, to satisfy you, of the great man whose one hundredth birthday we are now celebrating; but our Principal said that I must write something. On his shoulders be the blame if I weary you. As pupil and teacher, I was associated with Dr. H. P. Peet for about thirteen years, and aside from his own immediate family, few knew him more intimately.

Of him I can say truly, that from the first day of my pupilage, until the hour when I bade him good-night, little thinking it was a

but you all know that his name is honored among men and will endure for centuries yet to come.

Remember that he rose from obscurity and made himself a blessing to all the deaf of our land, simply by hard, persistent effort.

You can all imitate Dr. Peet in this by making the most of the talents and opportunities that God has given you, and in this way, too, you will prove that you are worthy of the efforts which he and other good and great men and women have made in your behalf.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson was invited to the platform. He said it had not been his good fortune to meet Harvey Prindle Peet, and what he knew of that great benefactor of the deaf he had learned from such occasions as this, and from reading books concerning deaf-mute education. He honored all the old-time teachers. They had to study out and apply methods, as there was little in the past to guide them. The hardy men who opened the densely wooded regions of the West, had to cut and hew their way. The roads thus made were apt to become overgrown, so they "blazed" the rugged paths. It was the same with the early teachers; they were the pioneers who "blazed the way" for education and enlightenment of the deaf. It is good to thus perpetuate the memories of these men. Their lives were filled with earnest, untiring work, and it is upon such a basis that a nation is builded and Christian civilization progresses.

The choir of girls rendered the doxology in concerted signs, and then Rev. Dr. Gallaudet closed the literary exercises of the day with prayer and the benediction.

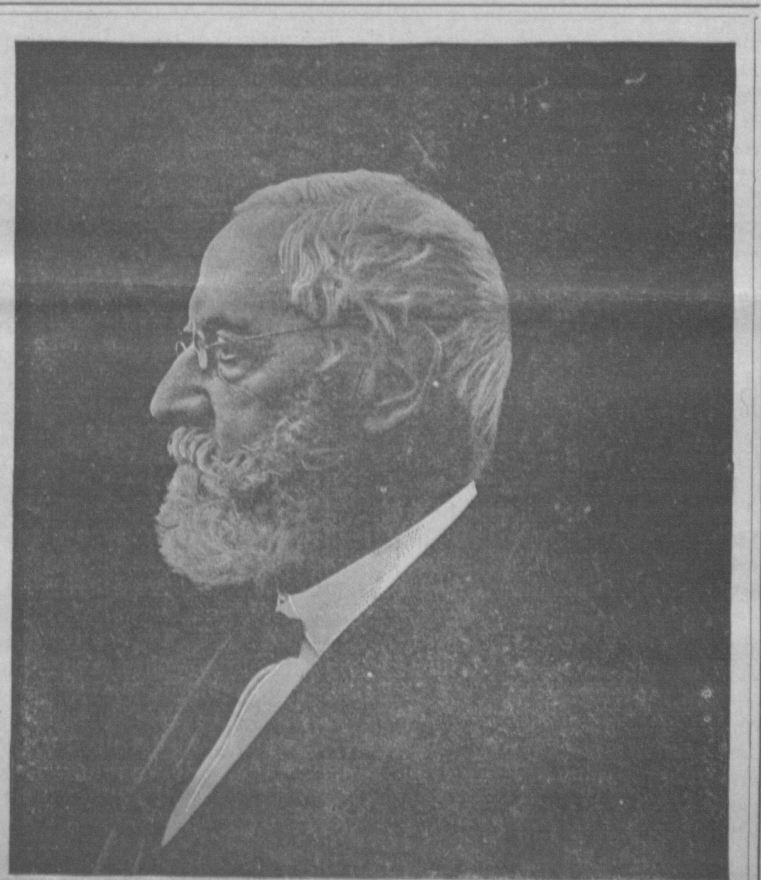
THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The annual election of officers of the Fanwood Literary Association took place in the chapel of the Institution last Saturday evening. Principal Currier, the Counselor of the Association presided. In calling the meeting to order, the chair stated that it was the custom for the election to take place on the second week in October, but this year the delay was caused by both the boys and girls, the former in developing a football team, and the girls in making winter garments. He then stated that only the teachers and pupils of the academic department down to the sixth grade were eligible to vote, and appointed Messrs. Lamm and Kiernan to ascertain how many were present. After a careful count, they reported that there was 15 teachers, and 31 male and 23 female pupils present, who were eligible.

The chair then stated that the Executive Committee had met the day before, and nominated the following ticket:

Mr. A. P. McKean, President.	
Mr. Frank Ayers, 1st Vice-President.	
Mr. John Kaiser, 2d Vice-President.	
Miss Julia Hemphill, Secretary.	
Mr. Chas. W. Van Tassel, Treasurer.	
Mr. Thomas F. Fox,	Executive
Mr. W. Geo. Jones,	Committee
Mr. Geo. Ray Hare,	
Miss Ida Mon gomery,	
Miss Myra L. Barrager,	

No opposition was found to the ticket, and the chair put it to a vote. It was elected by a vote of 68 to 1.



THE LATE HARVEY PRINDLE PEET, LL.D.

HARVEY PRINDLE PEET
Born at
Bethlehem, Conn., Nov. 19, 1794.

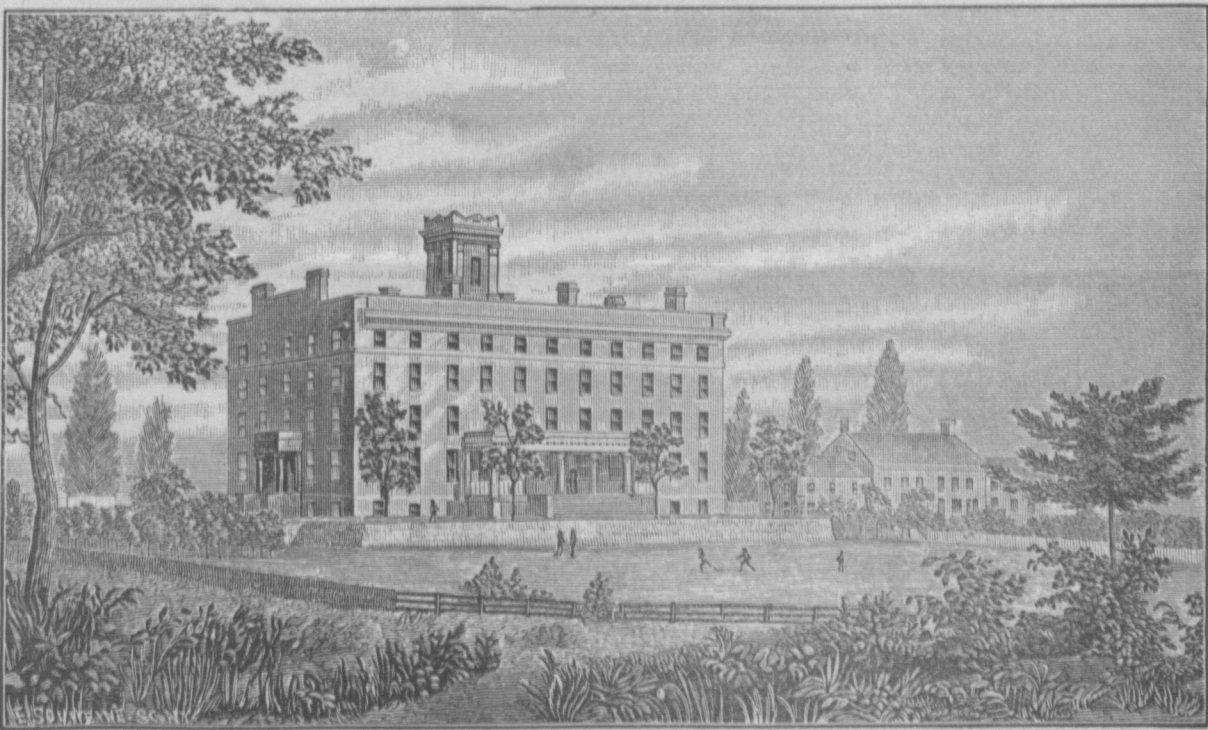
Such was the inscription that greeted the pupils, teachers and officers, who assembled in the chapel of the New York Institution on Monday morning at half past nine o'clock.

For many years November 19th has been specially celebrated, and has become a red-letter day in the school calendar. The pupils have double reason for rejoicing on this day. First, because on it are rehearsed the great and good qualities of Harvey Prindle Peet as a man; his wonderful capacities as a teacher of youth; and his prominent success in placing the education of the deaf upon a solid foundation, the influence of which is felt throughout the continent of America. Such recitals have a beneficial effect upon the young, and thrill them with a spirit of pride and love for their *alma mater*. The second

stantly making in behalf of the deaf. The presidents of the board from 1817 until to-day were:

Hon. De Witt Clinton, Samuel L. Mitchell, M.D., Rev. James Milnor, D.D., Robert C. Cornell, Harvey P. Peet, Ph.D., LL.D., Benjamin R. Winthrop, Shepherd Knapp, Rev. William Adams, D.D., LL.D., Hon. Henry E. Davies, LL.D., Hon. Erastus Brooks, Hon. Enoch L. Fancher, LL.D.

Prof. Thomas F. Fox followed, prefacing his remarks with the statement that under the first Principal, Horace Loofborrow, this institution was a *pure-oral school*, wherein signs cut no figure and oral teaching was the only kind employed. After speaking of Harvey P. Peet as the of patron saint of the institution and dwelling upon the character and scope of his accomplishments, he told of the great work done by the scholarly corps of teachers during the principality of Harvey P. Peet and our present Principal Emeritus, Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D. Among the



NEW YORK INSTITUTION (at Fiftieth Street) in 1894.

At the conclusion of Dr. Peet's sermon, Principal Currier invited Mr. William O. Fitzgerald, the oldest living graduate present, to say a few words. Mr. Fitzgerald delivered his remarks in the sign-language, and Mr. Fox repeated what he said orally for the benefit of the hearing persons present.

Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Peet, Bessie

cause for rejoicing is the half-holiday, when books are cast aside, and healthful outdoor games of different kinds make the moments fly.

Principal Currier gave a biographical sketch of Harvey P. Peet, relating the multifarious and onerous duties which he performed while at the head of the Institution. He told of the keen intellect, the broad comprehension, and the indomitable will which

names mentioned were David E. Bartlett, George E. Day, F. A. P. Barnard, Aaron L. Chapin, Jacob Van Nostrand, J. R. Keep, Barnabas M. Fay, Samuel Porter, Leon Vaisse, Andrew S. Stone, Joseph Haven, Jeremiah W. Conklin, Edward A. Fay, Warring Wilkinson, John R. Burnett, John H. Pettingell, Henry Winter Syle, Thomas Gallaudet. He said it was the custom to ungenerous-

but had learned much concerning him yesterday and to-day. He thought it a great privilege to those who had personally known him. Such examples should inspire and encourage. He hoped all would endeavor to uphold the teachers and officers, who were to-day engaged in forwarding the cause of the education of the deaf.

Prof. Percival Hall said that Harvey P. Peet was a good man, and though he was dead his deeds still live. Every deed that we do, be it a good deed or an evil deed, lives always, and when we die, the good deed and the bad ones form the record of our lives. He desired all the pupils to remember this, and to try to make their lives replete with goodness and usefulness.

Prof. Andrew McKean was the next speaker. Some people, he said, may wonder why the deaf should revere the memory of their old teachers. It may be said that their services have been recompensed by a pecuniary return, and so no further gratitude is

farewell, I received only kindness from his hands.

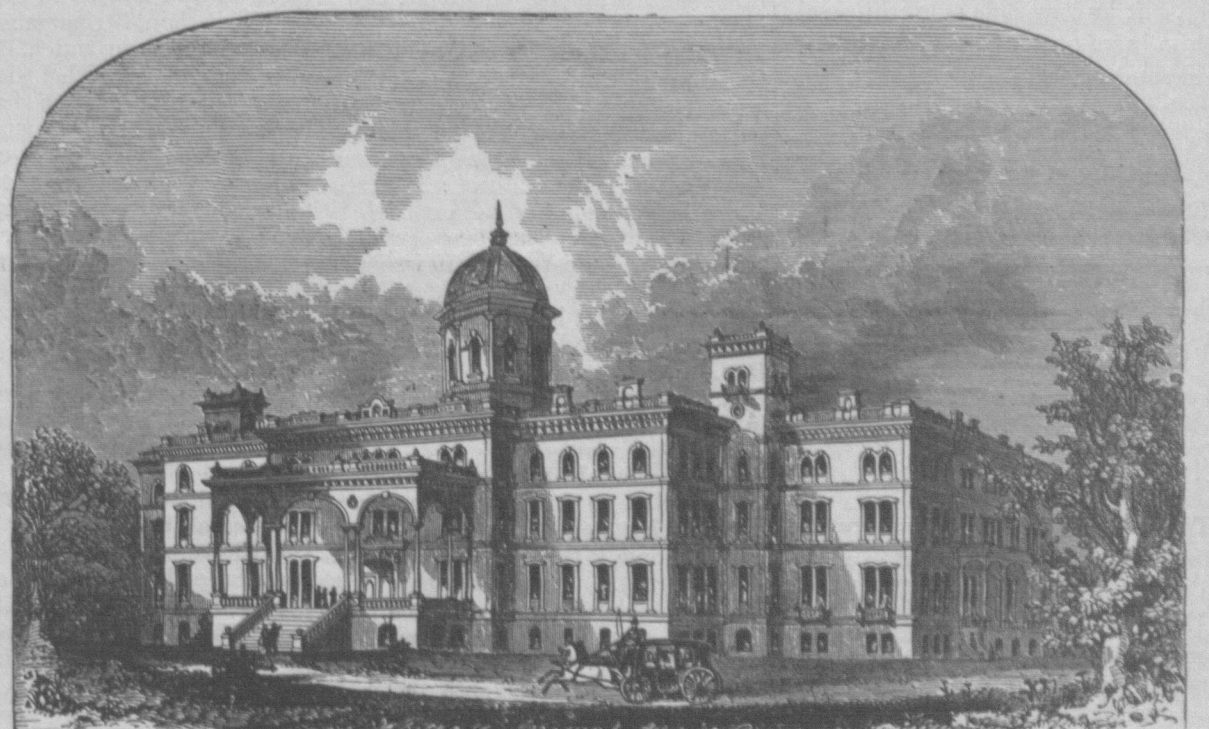
Much has been said of the firmness and courage which made him a leader and ruler among men, but little notice has been taken of other qualities, not less noble or less characteristic of him. "The bravest are the tenderest" is a maxim of world-wide application. And this was true of Dr. Peet to a remarkable degree.

He had a most affectionate and lovable disposition. He was a faithful friend. Social in his tastes, he had a keen sense of humor and loved a hearty laugh as well as any man I have ever known. He could tell a story inimitably too, either in signs or in speech. He delighted in conversation. He was dignified, it is true, but not in the least stiff or afraid to unbend.

He was fond of joining in the sports of the pupils, both in doors and out, and though sixty-four when I first saw him, was as active as most men of forty.

His administration was truly patriarchal. Every one, from the youngest child to the oldest teacher, had free access to him, and went to him in trouble and in joy for sympathy, and received it in unstinted measure.

He was tolerant to a degree rare in men of his time, and enjoyed a battle of words as you boys enjoy a good game of football. During the period of the Civil War, there was a strength and bitterness of feeling



N. Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AS PROPOSED.—Building opened, Dec. 4, 1856.

required. But it should be remembered they have made sacrifices, they have put aside all ambitious hopes, and given their strength to the holy work in hand. The work they do lives long after them, and produces fruits of the utmost value to the children under them.

Principal Currier read the following, written by Miss Ida Montgomery. Prof. Fox translated it into signs.

which you can not realize, and I have seen many a hot argument on the questions of the day, but Dr. Peet never lost his temper, and if he failed to convince his opponent, respected him none the less for upholding his honest convictions.

There is just one point more which I wish to touch upon for your encouragement. He often said to me and to others, with a touch of sadness:—

"I have no genius. All that I have accomplished has been by sheer hard work." You can not realize the extent of his labors,

On motion the election was afterwards made unanimous.

The retiring officers, as well as the newly elected officers, made brief addresses.

The Fanwood Literary Association is the oldest organization of its kind in the country, barring none. During its existence it has done untold good

[Concluded on 4th page.]

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

A DOUBLE celebration to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Harvey Prindle Peet, was held on Sunday and Monday, November 18th and 19th, in the chapel of the New York Institution. In this issue a full account of the proceedings will be found, the only omission being the remarks of Dr. I. L. Peet, which he has promised to furnish, and which will be printed in full in a future issue.

Many of the former pupils of the Institution were present, and one of Harvey P. Peet's old pupils made a brief address. The celebration was a very enthusiastic one, and the great services of Harvey P. Peet in behalf of the education of the deaf were told to an interested and attentive audience. Such deserved tributes to the worth and work of a great benefactor, can not fail to inspire both teacher and pupil with zeal and energy, and to the deaf at large the lesson of his noble and useful life must form an incentive to truer ambition and more courageous endeavor.

SOME of the school papers are discussing the cases of restoration of hearing that have lately been going the rounds of the press, and there is a vein of skepticism in their comments. We do not believe all these stories of restored hearing, any more than the "restored to society" yarns of the pure-oralist. But, as in the latter case there are exceptions, we are prepared to vouch for one in the former. There is a young man living in Brooklyn who was educated at the Virginia Institution, whose hearing was restored at the age of sixteen. He is now between twenty-five and thirty, and has learned to speak and to understand speech. We are told that he does not talk as well as persons who have always been able to hear, but understands everything said to him in an ordinary tone. He uses signs and the finger alphabet, and mingles constantly with the deaf of New York and Brooklyn. One peculiar feature of his case, is that for a good many years his language resembled the style noticed in the general run of deaf-mutes. He has improved very much in colloquial language during the years he has been able to hear, and to-day he very likely talks as grammatically and expressively as ordinary hearing persons.

The JOURNAL extends congratulations to Dr. A. L. E. Crouter of the Philadelphia Institution. The degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred upon him by Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill. Dr. Crouter will have a just claim upon our sincere good wishes in the very near future, and we can assure him now that it is our hope that his life will prove a continuation of the series of successes that have already marked it.

The identity of "Said Pshaw" is troubling several of the editors and writers for the deaf-mute press. As we can not hope to get within striking distance of him, we have decided not to bother about it. "Said

Pshaw," otherwise the man with the iron jaw and stiletto-pointed pen, seems destined to pass into history as complete a mystery as the author of "Junius Letters," or "The Man with the Iron Mask."

WHISPERS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is No. 61 Everett Street, Allston, Mass.

Robert Docharty, Jr., beloved son of Robert and Georgina Docharty, of Cambridge, breathed his last on Sunday, Nov. 11. His end was peaceful, and he knew that the last summons to join the innumerable caravan of the silent majority was coming, and his pain-racked body sought relief in death. Shortly after Thanksgiving last year, both Mr. Docharty and his son had an attack of the grip. The father recovered and was none the worse for it afterward, while the boy's health steadily declined until he was prostrated two months ago by pneumonia, from which he recovered only after a severe struggle. On the day he died, he said: "This is the last medicine I shall take," as his devoted mother administered a teaspoonful to him. Sitting back in his rocker, he shortly afterwards vomited a quantity of blood, and his gentle spirit took its flight to a better and brighter world. The funeral on Wednesday was attended by a large number of sympathizing friends, both deaf and hearing. The coffin was covered with flowers from friends. Thomas F. Moody placed on the coffin a crown of tea-roses intertwined in a laurel wreath, from the Provident Aid Association, of which Mr. Docharty, Sr., is a prominent member. The boy was just turned nineteen years, and the most appropriate token on the coffin was a cross of garnered wheat, with a few white roses on fern leaves, and the letters "At Rest" in purple immortelles on a white satin ribbon across the arms of the cross. The last sad rites over the coffin were performed by a Methodist minister, and Mr. Caldwell, a brother of Mrs. Docharty, interpreted the services in the manual alphabet. All that was mortal of the young man was laid away forever to rest in the Cambridge Cemetery. Requiescat in pace.

Every father in the silent community deeply sympathizes with Mr. Docharty in the loss of a son that had nearly reached his majority. The Lord gave and He hath taken away. The Charitable Relief Society has appointed the following named ladies as the Committee on the Christmas Festival; Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Holmes, and Mrs. Murphy. After a long sojourn among relatives in New York City and Brooklyn, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard has returned to the Hub.

The address of the Fanwood Quad Club's grand ball on December 5th is wanting in the advertisement in the JOURNAL, and many inquiries have been made of your scribe for the number and street. What is well-known to New Yorkers may be strange to outsiders; so "Ted" will please supply the mission without delay. In the dim recesses of my memory, the text book of Natural History classed certain animals as gregarious, if that is the correct word, and the deaf-mutes are naturally gregarious, that is, they are fond of going together in company, and "Ted," with a profound knowledge of human nature, has played with rare skill upon the heart-strings of the deaf. Under his enterprising management, the grand ball of December 5th threatens to become much more than a local affair, almost national in attendance by representative deaf-mutes from other States. A good-sized delegation will be present from New England. The latest to make up their minds to go, are three of Boston's fairest oral young ladies, Miss Flagg, Miss Roby and Miss Murdock. Others have caught an infection of the excitement in the air, and are planning to go. No other affair among the deaf, not a national one, has received so much attention everywhere as this ball of the Quad Club. If thou wouldst know the secret of such a successful *furor*, study the methods of that hustler from Hustlerville whose name is simply "Ted." Moral: Advertise and boom; boom and advertise.

Mr. Partridge has been reported in one of the deaf-mute newspapers (I forget which), as having taken a trip to England, but he appeared in our midst on Sunday from Providence, R. I., and says he had no such intention. He is still working at his trade in Providence, and only came up to Boston on a visit.

Some of our Philadelphia brethren will be glad to know that we have met A. F. Poole, better known as "Bert Poole," the well-known newspaper artist. He is familiar with signs and the manual alphabet and has been acquainted with some of the Philadelphians. He has drawn a pretty design for a cover of the menu cards of Wyman's new palatial cafe on Washington Street, the order for printing which has been given to Acheson & Co. In the way of business, we have been thrown into the company of many people more or less associated with the deaf. Mr. Swan, a nephew of Mr. Green, of Worcester, talked to us familiarly in signs, as also did his partner, formerly in the real estate business. Both are now associated with Mr. Wyman in his new cafe. A very interesting person, Prof. Grady, of the Boston Stammering Institute, deaf for thirty-five years but nevertheless a teacher of elocution,

lately came into business relations with us, but more of him some other time.

After the clever manner in which the editors of the *Kansas Journal* and *Minnesota Companion* have spiked the guns of the oralist crowd of the *Silent World* on the milk-and-water question, riddling their unstable argument to pieces and routing the poor rhetorical gunners out of their own stronghold, no other argument is needed to prove the superiority of the good old Gallaudet method over the oral, raised as these keen-witted gunners have been on the milk-and-water system of education themselves. It will be a long time before the patent-medicine puffers of the *Silent World* will discuss homeopathy in their paper. They will be deeply imbued with wholesome respect for the combined system after this.

FREE LANCE.

THE DEAF AS CITIZENS.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY MR. HARRIS TAYLOR, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF ALL SOCIETIES FOR THE DEAF, PHILADELPHIA.

Blessed are they which do not expect much, for they shall not be disappointed. Those who expected the least of me will enjoy this lecture most—if I may call it a lecture. This evening I labor under several disadvantages.

1. Owing to the fact that I am greatly their inferior in the use of signs, I always feel somewhat nervous when addressing the deaf.

2. This is so intelligent a body that it is difficult for me to select a subject that I know more about than my audience does.

3. I received a month's notice that I should address you. The longer time I have to do a thing in, the less liable I am to do it well. If you had given me two months I should have done nothing at all. People are alike in this respect. They have a whole lifetime in which to prepare for death; but it is seldom that a man is ready to die. If one had only a few days, I believe in my soul one would be better prepared to die.

I shall attempt nothing original this evening, nothing unusual, nothing deep. I shall merely give you my views of what the deaf should be as citizens, and leave it to you to judge whether they approach my ideal, or whether it is desirable that they should.

If our schools for the deaf do not turn out citizens, they are schools in name but asylums in nature. The law allows the deaf to hold property and to vote; and the deaf must bear all the responsibility that is borne by other citizens. Whenever a deaf person violates the law and escapes the penalty because he is a "poor dummy," the deaf *en masse* suffer as a natural consequence. The public becomes convinced that the deaf are an inferior people, to be ranked alongside of idiots and lunatics.

Assist your friend when he is in trouble, stand up for him when he is imposed upon, protect him when his rights are threatened; but for your own sake, for the sake of all other self-respecting deaf people, do not beg mercy because he is a deaf-mute. Let him stand or fall on his merits as a citizen. Insist upon all that the law entitles you to have. Demand equal rights and reject all privileges. I once thought that by combining, the deaf might make themselves felt in politics, but I now believe to pursue any such policy would be injurious in the long run. Any combination of the kind would be an admission of inferiority. Vote as a democrat, a republican, or what not. Ask for office not because you are deaf, but because you feel competent to fill the position you are an applicant for.

Have opinions, without being pig-headed. Be willing to take sensible advice when in doubt, but rely mainly on your own sense of right and propriety. Everybody has a contempt for the man with no mind of his own. It is better to make a mistake occasionally than to be led around by the nose all the time.

You should remember that you owe the public much. While you were as much entitled to an education as any one, the State has spent far more on you than it has on the average hearing person. It costs more to educate one deaf child than it does several children who can hear. If you make a good citizen, the money is well spent; but if you turn out to be a disgrace to society, a great deal of money has been thrown away. You are an ingrate, if you are not patriotic.

Do you know that the deaf as a class are judged by what you are? The average man does not meet with many deaf people; he may be acquainted with but one. And he judges all by that one. I have often heard people say: "Deaf-mutes are naturally the smartest people I ever saw." "They are just like animals," or "They have terrible tempers; I am afraid of them." Upon investigation, you find these people never saw more than one or two deaf people in their lives. Yet they have formed their opinions, and these opinions they may never change. If you are good, the people will say, "All the deaf are good," if you are bad, "All the deaf are bad," if you are well behaved, "All the deaf are well behaved," if you are drunken, "All the deaf are drunken set." You cannot avoid having your influence, however you support our schools liberally, you must show by your own conduct that the deaf are worthy of the expenditure. If you want those who

come after you to be respected, you must be respectable.

Good public schools are essential to the prosperity of the republic; and all good citizens are interested in educational affairs. But an education means far more to a deaf person than to one who can hear. It means a new life. It is your duty to see that others enjoy the privileges that you enjoy, and to see that the public becomes more interested in the education of the deaf. Your experience is of value to the teacher; and the teacher who is broad and sincere will always listen with great attention to what you say.

Take an interest in public affairs; go out to meetings; know what is happening around you, and show that you are concerned. Some one will soon give you at least an outline of what is going on. Without intruding anywhere, or boring any one, go among hearing people. You will find more friends than many would believe. You will gain much; they will lose nothing. I know a young man who, with a pencil and tablet, has made himself very popular in his town. He always finds the ladies "at home"; and if he does not call in due time, they send for him. It is an actual fact that some of the young men who can hear, are jealous of him. I am also acquainted with a young lady who caused every young man in her town to learn the manual alphabet. You have no idea how much hearing people would enjoy your company if they only knew you well.

Do not infer that I am opposed to societies for the deaf. I believe this society has done much good; and I believe it will continue to do good. Deafness is a serious disadvantage, I think I appreciate this fact as clearly as anyone blessed with hearing can. Education, the best possible education, can not restore or give hearing. I would not have you look upon deafness as a blessing in disguise, although to some, deafness undoubtedly has been a blessing; but I would that you bear your misfortune with resignation, and determine, by the grace of God, to go forward, just because you have a hard road to travel. To the credit of the deaf, we can say, many handicapped as they are—have done far more good than those around them who are more fortunately situated.

Going back to organizations for the deaf, I say it is natural that those having a common misfortune should sympathize with one another; that those who cannot to the fullest extent enjoy the society of others should enjoy moving in a circle of their own. I would not deprive my deaf friends of what contributes to their ultimate happiness and usefulness; but there is a great danger of their becoming "clannish," a danger of their forgetting that they owe something, yes, very much, to the world around them. Those who restrict their association to the deaf will become narrow, will lose sight of the great things about them, and eventually concentrate their thoughts on things too small for serious consideration. Enjoy the company of the deaf; go to societies and get what perhaps you might not obtain elsewhere; but remember that you are a citizen.

Do not forget that there is another world about you, a world of literature. You can communicate with your book friends without the aid of the ear. The greatest men, deaf and hearing alike, are great readers. The best thoughts of all ages are crystallized in books, and are accessible to every man, woman and child.

I shall close with these words: If you would be a good citizen, above all things study the Bible, and profit by its teaching.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Mr. Walter Phillips died on the 22d of October, aged eight-four years. He was the father-in-law of Mr. B. L. Wayne, whose farm adjoins that of the Home, and with whom he had lived. Mrs. Nicholson made a beautiful wreath, and took it to the house of mourning, in company with Mrs. Roberts and Hattie Hawes.

A party of callers were taken through the buildings a short time ago. They appeared to be well pleased with all they saw. It is probable that Prof. W. G. Jones will be ordained in New York City after Easter. He is too well known to need any comment from my pen.

Mrs. C. M. Nelson was here Wednesday, the 24th ult., and stayed overnight. She enjoyed her visit very much.

A shanty which stood near a quarry in the neighborhood was lately blown up by dynamite. Some revengeful Italians took advantage of the absence of the family to do their mean work.

Mrs. Kipp has put off her visit to the metropolis till late in the Spring, for she does not like to travel in cold weather.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet spent the night of the 30th at the Home. Among other news he told us that the property of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, had been sold the week before, and that it is proposed to build a small chapel in the vicinity of Washington Heights.

Mrs. C. W. Swift, of the Ladies' Board, made a tour of the buildings last month.

A snow-storm swept over this section of the country on the 8th inst. It was pleasant to watch the soft, feathery flakes, as they descended in quick succession.

Several of the inmates were jubilant when the news reached them, that

Hon. Levi Parsons Morton, of Dutchess County, was the successful candidate for Governor of New York on Election Day. Mrs. Barnhart told the writer that they should have danced with flags in honor of the event. She hit upon an excellent idea.

One evening recently, Miss Spear hurt her right hand quite badly. There was a gash on the index finger, and another between the third and little fingers. She happened to be in the laundry, when her hand got caught in the wringer while the wheel was in motion. Her cries brought Mrs. Nicholson to the spot to see what was the matter. Dr. Cornell dressed Miss Spear's wounds at his office. It may be a long time before she can use a wash-board again.

Mr. William Nelson started for Boston on business, during the latter party of October. The silent Hubites were probably unaware of his presence in town, or "Free Lance" would have mentioned it.

As the afternoon was drawing to a close Saturday, the 27th, Mrs. Julia Gallup called here with a basket of fruit.

Some people think it is hard work to translate written language into signs, but we do not find it so.

The Lady Managers of the Home, help their annual meeting at the residence of Mrs. Nelson, the first Thursday of this month. The Board remains the same as in 1893.

Mrs. Smith and Miss Annie Kugeler walked here from the village on a recent afternoon. Miss Kugeler is a dress-maker, and received her education at Fanwood. She brought some bananas and oranges for the women.

Mr. Frank Loder has resigned his position and gone to Poughkeepsie.

Mrs. Graham, says that ex-Mayor Grant, of New York, was the landlord of a house on West Thirtieth Street, where she and her husband occupied apartments.

Some evenings ago, Mr. Shutter gave our matron a bunch of Fall flowers, which he got down at Clinton Point. They were very pretty.

Misses Lizzie and Lela Nelson were on a visit in New York, a month ago. They went to the theatre, and had a lovely time.

Mrs. Totten has been sick for a few days. She is very old and feeble.

Supervisor Gardner took a trip to the Empire City Thursday, the 8th, and returned home on a night train.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain conducted services in the chapel Sunday before last. He was looking well and hearty, after a month's rest among the green hills of Vermont.

A new masonic temple is going to be erected opposite No. 33 Cannon Street; Poughkeepsie. At the laying of the corner-stone, not long ago, Mr. Charles Gallup, photographed the Freemasons from a chamber in Mrs. Nelson's house, it being considered the best on the block.

We extend our congratulations to the deaf-mutes of Ohio for having secured Central College, which is to be known as a home for the aged and infirm, who stand in great need of it. More information about the concern may be looked for from "A. B. G.'s" letters, which appear in the JOURNAL every week.

AT THE PLAY.

It was a "first night," and the curtain was to rise upon the third act. At the end of the second act the situation was thus:—The hero of the play had been accused of a great crime. The officers were close upon his track, and disgrace, ruin and imprisonment were hand in hand with them. At this point he was alone with the woman he loved. He had told her of all the evils that compassed him and in the same instant had told her of his love. Would she risk all for him, fly with him, give up all else for love of him, or would she choose safety, comfort or an honorable name and home—all or which awaited her acceptance at the hands of another? The curtain had fallen upon the lover appealing, the woman debating. The house remained silent, hushed almost like a house of death.

There were two persons in the orchestra chairs who were watching at the play with an intensity of feeling that could hardly be veiled. One was a woman, young, handsome, bearing in every line of face and figure testimony that she had never known other than the ease and comfort and security that wealth begets. By her side was a man of apparently the same social rank. This was David Osborne, cashier of the National Bank. The woman was Eleanor Wheelwright, who many supposed to be his affianced wife. In this, however, they were wrong, as no word of love had yet passed between the two.

At the end of the second act Osborne had turned to his companion questioning. "It is rather emotional," he said. "Are you ready to guess the outcome of all this passion? Will the girl be a fool and yield to his persuasions?"

"Even if he is a criminal?"

"That does not alter the fact."

"After this they were silent for a little. At last he spoke again:—

"If you were put to such a test, Eleanor, for the man you loved?"

"If I loved him I think I should be equal to it."

Osborne's face grew a shade more pale as he asked the next question:—

"Have you seen this evening's papers?"

"Yes."

"Then you know our bank is in trouble?"

"Yes; I read all about it."

"But that did not tell you all. It did not tell you that I am suspected of embezzling the funds."

She sat very still and waited for him to go on.

"I ought not to have brought you out to-night. But I could not resist the temptation of spending one more delightful evening with you. I knew there would be no public accusation until to-morrow. I could not deny myself these few hours." He spoke very low, so that his words came to her ears in a mere whisper. "You know that I love you, that I hoped to make you my wife. I ought to have been strong enough not to tell you this now. I ought to have waited, but I could not." Miss Wheelwright made no answer, but she put out her hand and touched the sleeve of his coat. It gave him courage. "By morning I may be arrested," he said, "imprisoned. The amount of the defalcation is very great. If I start soon—at once—I may be in Canada by morning and at least safe from arrest. A train leaves in an hour."

Miss Wheelwright's agitation had been shown only by the nervous plucking at her gloves. One of these had been drawn half off. She began now to draw it on again. She held the hand out to him that he might button it. Then she drew her wraps about her. "Come," she said, "we will have no time to lose. Let us go at once."

"Eleanor, where? Home?" he asked, not understanding her.

"No; where you said. There is time."

She had risen to her feet. Osborne rose also and put out a restraining hand. "Eleanor, think! You may repent," he said, but even as he spoke he began to move with her toward the exit. As they did this the curtain came up on the third act of the play, and almost involuntarily they paused to see the conclusion of the story, which was so much like their own.

The officers had just appeared, armed with the warrant for his arrest, and the lover had turned to confront them. The heroine interposed between him and them, and one of the officers spoke to her.

"Do not make our task any harder, my girl. We have come in time to save you from wasting yourself on this scoundrel. He has stolen the money of widows and orphans who have trusted him, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to comfort and luxury and indulgence—with you. The man will not deny the crime. You can see that from his face. Do not believe that his heart can be good or his love pure when he has so wronged others?"

The girl had sunk down sobbing and covering her face with her hands, after one long searching look upon her lover. At this time he came toward her appealingly.

"No, no!" she cried, waving him away. "Go! I don't love you. I was about to yield all for you. It was madness, for you are not worthy of it. It is past now!"

At the words of the officer: "He has stolen the money of widows and orphans, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to indulgence with you," Eleanor Wheelwright had looked upon Osborne's face and read the truth there.

And when the girl cried out:—"It was madness. If it past now," Osborne had looked upon her face and had seen that her madness was also past.

Seeing this, he put out his arm to her calmly. "Shall I take you to your carriage?" he asked.

She bowed, and they went out together. A moment later Osborne shut the carriage door between them and went alone upon the road, a fugitive—the road that he had carefully paved with stolen gold.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Mrs. Haight's Mental Condition.

PHYSICIANS SAY SHE HAS SENILE DEMENTIA AND CANNOT RECOVER.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Haight, seventy-seven years old, widow of David Henry Haight, is said to be insane. She is wealthy, having an income of \$35,000 from the estate of her husband, and property of the value of \$450,000 in her own right. She lives at No. 284 Madison Avenue, with her son, Henry J. Haight. Another son, Edward C. Haight, lives next door, at No. 286 Madison Avenue. On the application of the sons, supported by affidavits made by Dr. B. G. Carleton and Allan McLane Hamilton, Judge Truax, of the Supreme Court, yesterday appointed Henry L. Burnett commissioner to take testimony before the Sheriff's jury on the question of the sanity of Mrs. Haight.

Mrs. Haight has real estate in her own right in this city, Goshen, Orange County, and also in Bar Harbor, Me. She is unable to remember the names of her children, and cannot converse coherently, except at rare intervals, in regard to the management of her estate.

Dr. Carleton, of No. 173 West Forty-seventh Street, who has been her physician for fourteen years, says she is suffering from senile dementia, and is incapable of looking after her large interests. She believes that she is at her country place in Goshen instead of in this city. He thinks that she will not regain the use of her faculties, and will not again be in a condition to manage her affairs. This fact is due to her advanced age and the nature of her malady, which is progressive and constantly leading to the deterioration of her faculties.

As soon as her sanity is passed upon, a committee of her person and property will be appointed by the Court.—*N. Y. Herald, Nov. 18.*

FAMOUS EXILES.

Grotius wrote many of his best works in exile.

Voltaire passed a great part of his life in what was practically an exile. The exiled Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage is a spectacle that has moved many a schoolboy to oratory.

Maggi, the great Italian scholar, wrote several of his best treatises while in exile and captivity among the Turks.

Cardinal Polignac would never have written the "Anti-Lucretius" had it not been that he was sent into exile and so afforded the leisure.

Pius IX, the late pontiff, was driven from Rome during the stormy days of 1848. He fled in disguise to Gales and remained there until restored by foreign aid.

Marie de Medici, the mother of three queens, was driven into exile by the influence and address of Cardinal Richelieu. She lived in great poverty, often wanting the necessities of life.

Jerome Bonaparte remained in exile from 1812 to the revolution of 1848, when he was restored to his military rank and made governor of the Invalides. He died in Paris in 1860.

Whole families have sometimes been exiled at one time. The Stuart family was twice driven from England, and at different times the Bourbons and the Bonapartes have been expelled from France.

Descartes was obliged to flee from France to Holland, and then from Holland, where he first published his opinions. He was accused of atheism and would have been burned at the stake had he not escaped from the country.

The Count de Mirabeau, the father of the famous revolutionist, had so pleasant a time with his family that in the course of his married life he took out no less than 52 *lettres de cachet* against his wife and her people, and had most of them exiled or imprisoned.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Rev. J. M. Koehler's brother runs a printing office in New York, where it is said four mutes were working, but some of them were discharged on account of incompetency.—*Royalist in the Register.*

The above statement is wholly untrue. The four compositors were laid off on account of lack of copy to keep them busy and not of incompetency. Business has now picked up and the said four compositors are at their "case."—*A. Quad.*

The social season of the clubs has now opened, and every week we hear of preparations being made by some of the clubs for some grand event. The Pas-a-Pas Club of Chicago is the first with its semi-private dramatic entertainment on Nov. 24; and the Fanwood Quad Club, of New York, next with its grand ball on Dec. 5. The latter promises to be one of the greatest social events New York has seen for a long time. The club has engaged one of the finest halls for the purpose, and Mr. Lounsbury, the genial chairman, may be depended on to do the rest.—*Exponent.*

NOTICE.

Mr. Charles T. Oakes and other deaf-mutes will give a theatrical entertainment for the benefit of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church, 7 West 18th Street, on December 11th at 8 P.M. The admission fee will be fifteen cents. This is another evidence that deaf-mutes desire to do something to support the Home which has been established for the aged and infirm. When all the deaf-mutes of the State of New York realize their responsibility and their privilege in this matter, the Home will be placed on a substantial basis.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.
25—11:00 A.M., St. Louis, Holy Communion.
26—5:00 P.M., St. Louis, Evening Service.
29—Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER.

1—Evening, Edgewood.
2—11:00 A.M., Pittsburgh, Holy Communion.
3—3:00 P.M., Pittsburgh, Evening Prayer and Address.
7—3:30 P.M., Johnstown, Special service.
7—Columbus, O.
8—A.M., Columbus, O.
8—7:00 P.M., Cincinnati, Lecture.
9—1:30 A.M., Cincinnati, Holy Communion.
9—3:00 P.M., Cincinnati, Evening Prayer.
9—7:00 P.M., Cincinnati, Special service probable.
10—3 P.M., Newark, O.
12—8 P.M., Cleveland, Social.
15—7:30 P.M., St. Louis, Lecture on the Antiquities of Rome.
16—11:00 A.M., St. Louis, Holy Communion.
16—3:00 P.M., St. Louis, Confirmation.

Other appointments will soon follow. Rev. Mr. Mann's address is 578 Logan Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. J. H. Cloud's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.
25—Sunday, Kansas City, Mo., Old Grace Church, Tenth and Central streets, 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.
29—Thursday, St. Louis, Christ Cathedral, 10:30 A.M., Thanksgiving service.
All are cordially invited to attend.

Rev. Mr. Cloud's address is 3114 California Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.
24—Saturday eve, at 8:00, Lecture at Nashua, N. H.
25—Sunday A.M., at 10:30, at the Chapel of the Good Shepherd at Nashua, N. H.

DECEMBER.
1—Saturday eve, at 8:00, Lecture at Keene, N. H.
2—Sunday A.M., at 10:30 at Keene, N. H.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE, Missionary, 75 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Lecture By Prof. Gordon.

DOINGS OF THE "LIT." AN DELIBERATIONS OF THE OWLS.

Events of the Week.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The Lyceum was filled with a new radiance Friday evening, which seemed to inspire every one of the participants in the programme presented by the "Lit." The immediate cause was the addition of about a dozen reflectors to the gas jets, throwing the light more fully towards the platform.

(Improvement, No. 1; next—a new curtain?)

Prof. Gordon had been invited to lecture, and responded with an interesting account of the world-wide University of Chautauqua. He made some pleasant prefatory remarks, illustrative of his difficulty in selecting a subject. Should he discourse on the dearest object of his affections? Then he must make his wife the subject of his lecture, which would not do under the circumstances. Should he choose the subject with which he was best acquainted? He would ask his audience what they thought that subject to be. Replies of: "Chemistry," "Articulation," "Mathematics." His audience was wrong. He felt that what he knew the most about was—small-pox! He had taken care through small-pox, he had taken care of many small-pox patients, he had discussed small-pox with many different doctors, he has read and studied books on the subject. But small-pox is not a pleasant subject; it would never do to bring it before the "Lit." Like his predecessor, he desired to say something of practical value to his audience. He must endorse Prof. Fay and Prof. Hotchkiss in their lectures on the "Mastery of the English Language," and "Books and Reading." He would supplement their lectures by telling us of a university we might enter, the largest university in the world. A university only sixteen years old, but which has 60,000 members, and last year graduated 4,000 students.

This university was Chautauqua. Let no one smile,—the courses of study offered herein were by no means superficial. Such men and thinkers as Prof. Drummond, Edward Everett Hale, Prof. Fairbank, and many others, had given their fullest endorsement to the plan and results of this university.

Anyone, individually, or in association with others, might enter. But forty minutes a day for nine months during four years, was required of each student. Having passed the examinations he might then take his diploma, and after that, there were thirty separate courses of study open to him, each of which might add a seal to his diploma. Each book in the curriculum is selected by the vote of one thousand men and women high in educational and literary ranks. All that is of worth in nature, art, science and literature, is embodied in this course of study. Three hundred thousand books are sold annually to students. Here, in Washington, there are twenty circles, or more, connected with Chautauqua. The general mottoes of the university are "Look up, lift up," and "Never be discouraged." Last summer the lecturer met at Chautauqua a deaf young lady who had been educated at home, or among the hearing; she had finished the four years' course, and was taking Anglo-Saxon as a special study and reciting to a Yale Professor, making good progress. Another feature is the memorial days and birthdays of great men, which are observed in this university. On such days the students are directed to devote their thoughts and reading to the author whose birthday it is.

The debate which followed the lecture was well conducted and interesting. "Is our race degenerating?" Messrs. Merrill, '96, and Zahn, '98, were the pessimists who argued that we are all going "to rack and ruin," while Messrs. Sullivan, '96, and Fister, '98, were positive that we stand to-day on the verge of the millennium. The judges, Messrs. Cowan, '95, Bingham, '95, and Lewis, '96, agreed with the optimists, and we all heaved a sigh of relief upon their verdict. One of the leaders on the losing side had attempted to show that "lovely woman" was deteriorating, and quoted the following: "The girl of to-day is very smart and clever, but she makes us sigh for the girls of long ago, who had no higher ambition than to be the loved wife of some noble man" (not a nobleman, he added). His opponent came out gallantly to the rescue of the sex in question, and at the conclusion of the debate the pessimist exclaimed, "Woman is vindicated." The recent downfall of Tammany proved a strong point for the negative side.

The dialogue was entitled, "No use for ambition." Nicholson, '97, in high painted collar, conspicuous cuffs, pipe, etc., as a southern planter, announced that he was so arrayed because his son said he must be up with the times, and went on to relate the annoyance to which he was subjected on account of his pretty daughter and her numerous suitors.

In came Picard, '99, a veritable forlorn hope, who, in spite of his apparent physical weakness, managed to nearly upset the blackboard on the platform, something not on the programme. He desired to woo the lovely Linda. On subjection to a series of questions it transpired that he had no "mewl," or "dawk," but he had chills and fever and—ambush! Alas, the testy planter had "no use for ambushin'"—taking it to be some new and dreadful disease. The unhappy suitor was shown to the door. Kestner, '97, next gave a declamation of the "Death of Napoleon," a poem by Isaac McClellan. His thoughtfulness in announcing the title and the author of the poem before producing, was a point we should like to see imitated by subsequent declaimers. Critic Howard, '95, made his usual conscientious report. The time-honored fault, "indistinctness of signs or spelling, and too much of the latter," bobbed up against two or three members, and in accordance with a previous declaration, the critic was obliged to publicly name three or four members in the audience who had failed to observe the society's rules of conduct.

Before the meeting adjourned, a vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Gordon for his lecture. Nicholson, '97, made the motion, and, unconsciously, brought a smile to the faces of those who have an eye for the ludicrous, as he still had on his trappings of the dialogue.

The second eleven were defeated by the Central High School boys, Friday afternoon, 18 to 0. It had been understood that the High School boys should bring their second eleven, but, instead, they brought their first eleven, which was much stronger.

The *Owls* held their regular meeting Saturday evening. A Socratic debate, on the un-Socratic subject of "co-education," took place between Misses Block, '96, and Rogers, '98, for, and Misses Thompson, '95, and Vandegrift, '99, against. The judges, Messrs. Kershner, '97, Daly, '97, and Leyder, '98, decided that the upholders of co-education had the strongest array of questions. Misses Waters, '99, gave a humorous essay entitled, "my first impressions of college." A Socratic tableau followed, by Misses Kershner, '97, McDill, Morris, and Watts, '99. It was, said to relate, a burlesque on the death of Socrates. The poisonous hemlock was administered to Socrates in a huge milk-can.

A dainty dish of lettuce was then served to the "Owls." The lettuce leaves were made of tissue paper, and had each a quotation from some author appended. The contest was to give the correct author of each quotation.

After the critic's report, the meeting adjourned.

Miss Porter's brother and his wife are visiting her.

Miss Lullie Chickering was the guest of honor at a five o'clock tea held in the cosy den of Misses Mickle and Daly recently.

Several students were present at a matinee of "Fantasma," Saturday, given by the famous pantomimists, the Hanlon Brothers.

Sunday afternoon, Misses Fish, Gibson, Mickle and Daly, were the guests of an instructor in Georgetown University.

Grimm, '96, had a flying visit from a home friend during the week. Some inquisitive student, perhaps a member of the Press Club, plied question upon question in Socratic fashion, and finally elicited the fact that the visitor was on his wedding tour. As he did not bring his bride up to the Green, we may see reason in the shortness of his visit.

Dr. Gallaudet's sermon Sunday afternoon, was upon "The Power of Choice," the text being from Joshua 24:15: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Speaking of the power of choice as applied to American politics, he noted the significance of the overwhelming defeat of Tammany in New York at the late election, and went on to illustrate various ways in which there is a personal power of choice. He referred us to Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "The Intellectual Life," wherein is a beautiful explanation of the power of choice as embodying that life, and in conclusion he made an earnest appeal to his audience to choose the service of God, which is man's highest exercise of the power of choice.

During the course of Dr. Gallaudet's sermon, he asked for a match, as the chapel was growing dark. None of the students appeared to have any in their pockets, and a professor remarked, "No smokers here, it seems." Just as he said this, Prof. Hotchkiss walked up with a match, and we wondered if—banish the thought.

JANUS.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Mr. Isaac B. Gardner, Supervisor of the Gallaudet Home, has tendered his resignation to the Board of Lady Managers, to take effect December 10th. Mr. Gardner intends to enter the ministry, hence his resignation. The ladies regret deeply to part with him, and none more so than Mrs. C. M. Nelson, President of the Board, who has been for nearly seven years associated with Mr. Gardner in working for the best interests of the Home. Mr. Gardner will leave many friends behind, and will carry with him the best wishes of all the ladies of the Board, and a "God-speed" in his new undertaking.

Several applications have already been received for the office Mr. Gardner will so soon vacate. —*Poughkeepsie Eagle*.

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CZAR AND LADY.

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S MEETING WITH THE LATE RUSSIAN RULER—INTERESTING SCENE IN A TOY SHOP AT COPENHAGEN.

Every autumn the Czarina had been in the habit of going with the Czar to Copenhagen to visit her parents, the aged King and Queen of Denmark. At the same time, the Princess of Wales would journey northward to Denmark's shores accompanied by the Prince, and from Greece would come King George and Queen Olga, until the Danish King and Queen had all their children about them. Three years ago an American lady and her daughter were visiting in Copenhagen at the time of the royal gathering.

One morning the younger lady wanted to do a little shopping. She went to a toy store to buy a few of the queer-looking Danish playthings to take home to her little nephews, and she also wanted to buy a box of the queer-shaped candies made there. The toy store was crowded. There were nearly a dozen children, and with them half a dozen maids. The whole party seemed to be in charge of a tall, stout man with a fair beard and a pleasant face. He had the build of an athlete and the mild expression of a woman.

"Wait on the lady first," he said pleasantly in Russian to the shopkeeper, and then to the young lady he said in English: "I will not allow you to wait and be served after this horde of youngsters. They can wait well."

At this the youngest child of all, a boy carried in the big man's arms, began to kick and cry and behave very badly.

"I will wait," said the young lady, laughing at the youngster's screams and kicks, "for I see you have an impatient member of your party."

With a bow of thanks the athletic-looking man picked up a small drum with the Danish colors upon it and handed it to the struggling child in his arms. Then the others each received a pretty present, while some town children who had wandered in were treated to gifts of toys and pretty trifles. When all had been served with playthings, the gentleman whispered to the child in his arms, and a minute afterward the little one, stretching out his little hand toward the young lady, handed her a book.

"Uncle Xander says I must give you this because I was so rude," he said in fairly plain English, "and I will give you this myself," handing over a stick of many-colored candy.

When the company had filed out, a great sleigh-like affair on wheels drove up to the door and all piled in. There was a struggle to get near the gentleman whom the little lad had called "Uncle Xander," and a tiny but pretty child, who spoke nothing but English, began to cry and show as much temper as the other had. But they were well-behaved children, considering that they were all the way from two years up to fourteen; and the American girl and the shopkeeper cast admiring eyes after them as they drove away. From the back seat of the queer-looking vehicle a child waved his little hands as far as he could be seen.

"That is the Czar of Russia," said the shopkeeper. "He is on his annual visit to Copenhagen, and this is the way he amuses himself. He buys alternately of all the shopkeepers, and is a friend to every one."

"And who was the child in his arms? Oh, that is the son of our Crown Prince. He may be the King of Denmark some day. And the little girl who cried because she could not sit on the Czar's knee was Lady Alexandra Duff, who comes here every fall with her mother and grandmother. This year her father, the Duke of Fife, is here also. The child is a dainty mite, and if she were to come to the English throne (the Duke of York had not then married the Princess May) everybody around here would rejoice. The baby waving his hands from the back of the wagon is the Crown Prince of Greece. His father is the best of all the family, I think, and that is saying a great deal."

The Czar nodded back at the young lady and the shopkeeper just before the vehicle went out of sight, and his tall shoulders and fine head were outlined like a silhouette against the sky.

"I have read a great many pretty things about the Czar, and have known people who received friendly words from him at their presentation to the Russian court," the young lady said afterward, "but I think I am the only American girl who ever saw Alexander at his best, among his little nephews and nieces, laughing with them over a toy counter." —*New York Sun*.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

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NEW YORK.

Three Columns Boiled Down to One.

HISTORIANS AWAITING DEC. 5.

Something About Nothing and Nothing About Something—Boiled Eggs on the Half-Shell—You, Me and I, but Not "We."

From our Regular Correspondent.

[Mr. Theo. L. Lounsbury's address is 1045 Third Avenue, New York City.]

The last few days have been so cold that even news has shrunk under the spell, and this column is thereby affected. The attendance at St. Ann's, Sunday, was rather small, owing, no doubt, to the services at Fanwood in memory of Harvey P. Peet, and the only way to get material for the various newspapers was to whistle for it.

Two weeks ago I gave a Troy writer in the *Advocate* what "Hypo" would term "a sound thrashing," in this column—telling him that he lacked sense and education. I am now prepared to do that writer, who, by the way, signs himself "U. & Co.," justice, for I have since received a letter from him, which is the production of one far more intelligent than his letter in the *Advocate* would lead us to believe. The explanation of it is that the compositor hashed up his letter and arranged it in a way to suit his own fancy, and the proof-reader, it would seem, was unable to straighten it out and give it sense. This must have been embarrassing for him, but there are too many like instances, and we writers must sometimes suffer to be held up to public ridicule on account of these intelligent compositors.

I am glad to note that the *in*—I mean "Infante"—uses the "I" to the total exclusion of "we" in his last letter, yet he says I ought to use the "we." "Infante" is unconsciously a humorist. I understand that "Infante" had the refusal of several good positions on deaf-mute papers. Now let him say he was never refused such a position!

I note that several mutes from Baltimore will attend the Quad Club Ball on December 8th. Good. And from Boston I hear very encouraging news. Says my correspondent: "A larger delegation of Bostonians will go to the ball than ever went to New York for any other occasion." And Mr. Pach tells me that besides himself and Mayor Field, Messrs. Burns and Kreidler are coming. From Philadelphia the number will reach quite a dozen, and I learn that Mr. Boxley, of Troy, N. Y., who is coming down to see the Kendall-Fanwood football game at the Polo Grounds on November 30th, will remain in town till after the ball. It is also expected that several of the Kendall students will take advantage to enjoy the festivities. The committee are getting to be a bit nervous lest the hall be overcrowded, but they will make arrangements for any such emergency. The hall can hold a thousand, and that is about what is figured on by some. Now it is two weeks to the ball, and those who are liable to forget the date should tie a ribbon to the buttonhole of their coats.

For full particulars of the ball, see new advertisement on last page of this paper.

Mr. W. G. Jones gave an interesting reading before the Brooklyn Society, Saturday night, his subject being "Jack Cade." The attendance was not very large. Among some of those present were: President Schnakenberg, Thomas Godfrey, Archibald McLaren, Wm. Moore, H. Jubring, John E. Taplin, C. F. Blake, Frank Hayden, J. Buckley, Wm. Pitt, Alex. McIlwraith, the Conlon brothers and J. F. Donnelly, and Mrs. Fred Brown, Miss Stallings, Miss Hannah Henry, Miss Rachel Gantz, Miss Lena Lungwitz and Miss Sarah Sturmwald.

Miss Menta Jost, of Weehawken, N. J., is now boarding in Brooklyn. Alex. L. Pach, of Easton, Pa., of whom all the silent world know, was in town Sunday and Monday. He attended the evening services at the East 61st Street M. E. Church, Sunday evening, and the next day had his annual pass between New York and Easton renewed. He is fond of this D. H. business.

BULLETIN No. 4.—R. R. Tweed is now in Virginia.

Lewis Lyons, who went to Chicago some time ago from this city, expects to move to Brooklyn about January 1st, his father having sold out his business in the 2,300,000-population city.

A Mr. Lewis, of Chicago, is now in this city, studying art.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League give a reception to their friends on the evening of November 28th, at their club-rooms.

Mr. Herman Zorn and Miss Mary Kelly will be united in the bonds of matrimony on the evening of Wednesday, November 28th, at nine o'clock.

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The souvenir journal that is being gotten out for the Quad Club Ball will consist of thirty-two pages, and will be well illustrated and contain some interesting reading. Those who attend the ball will be presented with a copy.

The Fanwood football team managers have secured the Polo Grounds for Friday afternoon, November 30th. Admission will be twenty-five and fifty cents, and a large attendance is expected.

Mr. George Taylor and Mr. Jacques Loew, of Chicago, were visitors at the Quad Club rooms Saturday evening. Both are entertaining talkers. Mr. Taylor had not been in this city for nearly twenty years, and says there has been a great change in that time. He was one of Dr. H. P. Peet's pupils.

"Elliot" has my thanks for furnishing me with a good batch of items every week. He is to me what "Old Shoe" is to "Free Lance."

The various newspapers for the deaf give some kindly notices of the Quad Club's coming ball on December 5th. With the Only Harris Taylor on the floor, the dignity of the occasion will be intense. "As it Seems to Me," a "Job Lot" of "Side Lights" would keep the "Telephone Dept." busy, while the "Notes and Comments" man would find much to cuss and dis-cuss, and the "Long and Short" of it would be argued by such "Nesters" as "Infante," "Royal," "Pansy" and "J. F. D.," and "Whisperers Under the Rose" will be faithfully recorded by the "Recorder" for the edification of "Angelica," etc. "Gurney" may interview "Perspectives," and "Free Lance" will bring his six-shooter to practice on "Hypo," and during these ten hours of fun and frolic "Ted" will—well, he will boss the affair and see that no blood is shed.

TED.

HE HAD A DAGGER.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST, MADE A SENSATION IN BUFFALO—HE'S A DEAD-SHOT WITH A RIFLE—ROSE GORDON, WHO IS ALSO A DEAD-SHOT, THOUGHT CAPT. JACK WAS GOING TO KILL HER, AND SHE APPEARED TO THE POLICE—CAPT. JACK'S STATEMENT.

An affair with possible criminal potentialities was nipped in the bud last night by the arrest of Capt. Dennis J. O'Connell, captain by courtesy and marksman by profession.

The "Champion Deaf-Mute Shot in the World," as he styled himself, was gathered in about 7 o'clock at the corner of Main and Eagle Streets by Patrolman Storms, of the third precinct.

The man was arrested at the instigation of another member of the crack-shot fraternity, to wit, Louise Jacobs, alias Pheneme, alias Rose Gordon, a French damsel of uncertain age and antecedents. Rose, in her day, has shone as the star of a number of wild-west and dead-shot aggregations, Buffalo Bill's among others. She struck Buffalo about a month ago, and has since earned a precarious livelihood by running a basement shooting gallery at 21 West Eagle Street.

Last evening she rushed up to Patrolman Storms in an intensely excited condition, and besought him in tones of nervous terror to arrest Capt. Jack, who she affirmed had come to murder her.

She in the meanwhile pointed out the object of her fears, an individual apparently about twenty-five years of age, with a sort of a dare-devil, sombrero, corduroy, mock-heroic cow-boy appearance. The scion of the woolly west was taken to No. 3.

When Capt. Forrestel began to question him, he cast upon him a glance of indignant scorn and motioned for some paper. The doorman complied with his request, and the prisoner dashed off the following:

To the Chief of the Police of the City of Buffalo:

I am a deaf-mute and belong with the Burgess Gun Company, and seeing a sign "Shooting-Gallery" I went in, paid five cents for three shots and walked out again. Said not a word to any one. I want to know why I am arrested. I am stopping at the Continental Hotel. I was on my way there when this policeman took me up. This is a free country, and if I am detained here without cause some one will have to settle with my people. I have never done anything in all my life, and if you want to know anything about me you may wire to White Cloud, Mich., where I lived for sixteen years. I am the son of Thomas D. O'Connell, the lumberman of Detroit. My father will see what can be done. I am not so soft as I look after all, and I want you people to tell me what I have done.

Yours truly,
CAPT. JACK O'CONNELL.
Champion Wing-shot,
Buffalo, N. Y.

The doughty marksman was searched, and a dagger with a six-inch blade, and a number of cartridges were found on his person.

Capt. Jack further informed the officials that he had formerly known Rose, and had once intended to marry her, but on ascertaining that she already had a husband, he had changed his conjugal intentions. He said they had trouble over some money at Syracuse last summer, and he believed the woman had told her present story merely for revenge.

At this juncture the former object of his affections appeared in the room. She had lost none of her former excitement.

"He's been following me all over

the country and wants me to marry him," said she to Capt. Forrestel. "He is jealous, and I'm afraid he wants to kill me."

When told O'Connell had a dagger, she grew still more perturbed. She said he had come to her shooting gallery, and she had been advising to seek police protection.

Both man and woman stuck positively to their stories, and Capt. Jack was locked up to await further examination. —*Buffalo Commercial*.

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WEDDING BELLS.

SULLIVAN-DENVIR.

A pretty home wedding was enacted in Brooklyn, E. D., Wednesday evening, November 14th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Denvir, on South Eighth Street.

The contracting parties were the first eldest daughter, Miss Grace Francis Denvir, and Mr. Dennis L. Sullivan.

Shortly after eight o'clock, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, the officiating minister, entered the front parlor, taking up a position under a bower of evergreens and red and white roses. A second later the bridal party entered at another door. First came the bride leaning on the arm of her father; following came the two bridesmaids, the Misses Mabel and Lillian Denvir, and the best man, Mr. John McGovern. The groomsmen and mother of the bride brought up the rear. The bridal couple faced Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. Denvir standing a little in the background, while the guests arose from their seats. The marriage was performed according to the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Dr. Gallaudet reading orally and interpreting in signs at the same time. After the ceremony the newly-wedded couple came in for a hearty round of congratulations and well-wishes.

The bride wore a becoming gown of white silk, *en train*, the waist up high, and fastened at her throat with a gold moonstone pin, the gift of the groom. Her bridal veil was caught up by a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley. In her hand she carried a white-bound prayer-book. The bridesmaids also wore costumes of white silk. The groom and best man were attired in full evening dress.

A wedding supper was served, following the ceremony, and during the intervening time the guests were entertained with some creditable vocal and musical selections and dancing.

The happy couple were the recipients of many pretty wedding gifts. Their departure for their new home a little while after eleven o'clock was the cause of a fusillade of shooting rice and not a few old shoes, in token of good luck.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan will reside in Williamsburg; their wedding trip being deferred until late in the Spring. Both are well known in silent circles in New York City and Brooklyn.

Mrs. Sullivan is a semi-mute of interesting personality and manner, while her newly-made better-half, although not a fluent talker, is able to make his wants known, and is a well-built, good-looking and gentlemanly young man.

Among the wedding guests were Mrs. McGovern, Miss Emma Brainerd, Miss Marie Brainerd, Miss Cassie McCoy, Mr. Martin Kirch, Mr. James Schneider, Mr. H. Hart, Miss Weidman, Miss Rosenberg, Mr. Robert Harth, Mr. H. Taplin, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Miss Jennie Fenney, Mrs. J. Sullivan, mother of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Brien, Mr. Arthur Gravatt, Miss Mamie Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Prevost, Mr. Mulholland, Mr. Kneel, Mr. Muller.

M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

At the late convention of the New England Gallaudet Association of the Deaf, held at Worcester, Mass., the president, by an unanimous vote, was given power to select the State Managers, instead of having them selected by such members of the Association as might be present from each State as hitherto. Acting under this authority, I have accordingly appointed the following persons to act as managers in their respective States:—

Mr. John T. Tillinghast for Mass.; Mr. Oscar Kinsman for R. I.; Mr. George W. Wakefield for Maine; Mr. Henry M. Fairman for Conn.; Mr. William A. Deering for N. H. Vermont is yet to be heard from. It will be seen that Messrs. Wakefield and Deering were not present at Worcester, but they have lately paid their membership fees and are therefore entitled to act.

JOHN E. CRANE, President

ALBANY, N. Y.

There will be a lecture given by Mr. W. G. Shanks to the Young Ladies' Society of Albany, N. Y., Friday evening, November 30th, at 7.30. All are welcome.

FRANCES ALLEN, Secretary.

SERVICES AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Are held in the lecture hall of the College building (entrance through main hall, West 16th Street) every Sunday, commencing at 2:30 p.m.

